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THE POST.
Nov. 25, 1891. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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THE HOOKING SENTINEL.

VOLUME 50:

LOGAN, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1891.

NUMBER 36.

I CLIMB TO REST.

Still must I climb if I would rest;
The bird soars upward to its nest;
The young bird to its nest, the old
Cradles itself within the sky.

The stream that seems to hasten down
Returns in clouds the hills to crown;
The plant arises from her root
To seek aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizon stretches away;
The very cliffs that stand so proud
Are leaders into higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time;
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease
That in its earthly home was free?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own;
A loftier level must be won.
A mightier struggle must be run.

And heaven draws near as I ascend,
The breezes waft the stars behind,
All things are beckoning to the best;
I climb to Thee, my God, for rest.

A RED DOG'S ADVENTURE.

One standing on the main street of
a small town in the southern part
of Connecticut on a summer
morning a couple of years ago, could
have seen a medium sized dog trot
with rather preoccupied air along the
street.

The dog was a red dog, and he was
rather preoccupied, for he was
thinking of the fact that he had
just been told that he was a dog.

A regular red dog, his legs were
inclined to bow; his ears lopped like
a hound's, his eyes as he glanced from
side to side, had an intelligent, keen
shrewd look, rather strange for a dog
so young. He made his way along the
street quietly and unobtrusively;

the few pedestrians paid no attention
to him, and to the town dogs that ran
out to challenge him he paid no attention.

The dog had traveled nearly the
width of the street when he stopped
in front of a store and looked about
him; he looked up and down the road,
just like a human being, trying to be
sure of his location; then he turned
and looked at the store. As he did so,
the proprietor, a very stout, round-
faced man, came out to arrange his
goods in tempting display in front
of his store. The dog looked up at
him a moment, and then went up to
him and wagged his tail.

The man looked at him and made no
move to go. "May be it's hungry,"
said the grocer, and at that he cut
a piece of moulton meat and threw
it to the dog. The dog ate it with
evident relish. "Well, said the
man to himself, "that's a funny
looking dog, but he looks smart, and
as long as he isn't a nuisance I'll let
him stay."

"Where were you?"
"Right here by the counter."

The dog was waiting for the
moulton, declared that she did not see
the boy until the dog yelped.

"So you was sneaking up to the cash
drawer, hey? Well, you git." The boy
got, and the dog rose in the
estimation of the grocer.

The grocer went back to his moulton
feeling very good. The little one had
gone to bed, mother was knitting in
the big rocking chair and doing for
it was quite late, and father and I
were playing a long and interesting
game of chess which neither of us
wanted to stop although it was time
we were all asleep.

The day before a negro convict
had been released from the penitentiary
and had come to the town to see his
wife and children, and while then we
didn't know of it, the people around
here were greatly excited, and several
parties were out looking for the fel-
low who was a most daring and de-
spicable character.

We had no handy neighbors then
as we have at present, the nearest
house being a half mile away and be-
lieve our maid servant in her attic
room snoring soundly our family was
alone on the place. We didn't even
have a dog, and our only protection
in case we needed any was that old
army musket that still hangs on the
wall yonder over the door.

"We had lived so long in perfect
safety that no idea of danger had ever
troubled us so, when mother waking
from a comfortable doze said she felt
a bit chilly, I immediately offered to
run upstairs to my room just over-
head and bring down a wrap which I
knew was hanging in my closet.

"I didn't want her to ask the time,
for if she found it was midnight, as it
was, our game, then in its most ex-
citing stage, would have been spoiled,
and the glory of my besting my father
for once would have been lost.

"So up I jumped and without wait-
ing precious moments in getting a
light I ran upstairs and into my
room which was dark as Egypt.

"The storm outside was a wild one
and the wind was roaring fearfully
through the trees and shaking the
shutters as if it would rattle them off.

"But I had no difficulty in groping
my way to my closet where among my
dresses and things the wrap hung.

"When I opened the closet door I
fancied I heard a movement inside,
but thinking, may be a mouse had

out. Besides that he had taken a chew
of everything chewable within reach;
codfish, pork, hams, smoked beef and
sausage were strewn about in the mo-
mentary confusion that could be
upset had been tumbled over as he
jumped from one thing to another to
keep out of the molasses flood. The
counter and show cases were all stuck
up where he had tracked molasses
over them. As the grocer surveyed
the situation he said something that
I never learned at camp meeting, and
from that time stray dogs found a very
stony place in his heart.

A few days after the events above
took place a caravan of gypsies went
through the town, and under one of
the wagons, looking neither to the
right nor left, plodding along in the
dark with his tail between his legs was
a red dog—Texas Sittling.

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

There was a Feast of Thanksgiving
in the year 1621.

Thanksgiving Day is not an Ameri-
can idea. Ages and ages ago in em-
pires long since fallen one day of each
year was set apart for thanksgiving to
the Creator, in the country it was
not observed in the West and South
till after the war, but in New England
it may be said to date from the middle
of the seventeenth century.

Over 3,000 years ago Moses instructed the
Israelites to keep a feast after they got
established in the Holy Land. They
called it the feast of the Tabernacle,
for eight days, following the close
of the harvest, they dwelt in booths
made chiefly of green boughs, and
wagons on wheels, oil and fruits.

In the course of time a splendid ritual
for the feast was adopted, including
singing, dancing, and responsive chor-
uses. Somewhat later the Greeks held
a nine days' feast of similar character,
in which slaves were allowed to take
part, and all criminals except murder-
ers. The Romans had a similar
feast in honor of Ceres, goddess of
grain.

The Saxons had a "Harvest Home,"
and after them the English, which fea-
stival was observed in a sort of way in
some of the American colonies.

In the year 1617 the Pilgrim fathers
tried to celebrate, but it was rather a
gloomy affair. In 1623 a ship loaded
with provisions failed to arrive and
the Bradford appointed a day of hu-
miliation, fasting and prayer, but the
expected ship arrived so they made
it a day of thanksgiving.

Ninety Indians, under Chief Massa-
sott, took part. In 1633 the Puritans
ran out provisions, and Feb. 9, 1634,
as named as a day of fasting and prayer.
As in the case, the ship arrived, and
they had a feast instead. In 1635,
1647, there was a general service in all
churches of New England, to give
thanks for the great victory at Fort
Mystic over the Pequots, and on the
12th of October following a general
feast and feast, in honor of peace
and the settling of some religious dif-
ferences.

Forty years later Gov. Andros
ordered a day of thanksgiving to be
the first day of December; but they
hated Andros and didn't thank worth
much. Several persons were arrested
for treating the proclamation with
contempt, but this struck the home
authorities rather harshly, and his
conduct was disapproved.

Thereafter a thanksgiving was pretty
generally observed in all England and
Ireland, and in 1776 the governor
named the day.

George Washington recommended to
Congress the naming of a National day
in 1779, for the adoption of the consti-
tution. It was done and the day was
generally observed. In 1793 the
proceeding was repeated. James
Madison appears to have issued the
first Presidential proclamation on the
subject, in 1818, in honor of the return
of peace. Forty-eight years passed be-
fore President Lincoln issued the sec-
ond one, in 1863. Since then every
President has followed the custom and
the day is Nationally observed at last.

CAPTURING THE CONVICT.

It was Halloween night and our
happy gathering, tired of the frolics
and games, were in the big room
of the old homestead, sitting around
the log fire merrily talking in the
great chimney fireplace, and telling
stories.

Save the glow from the flames
making ghostly shadows fit across
the ceiling and walls there was not
light in the room, for we were trying
to see as many stories as possible.

Outside in the black night a furious
storm was raging and the wind moan-
ing and whistling down the chimney
and through the huge fir trees, mixed
with the beating rain on roof and
window panes, gave us the wild and
spooky feeling we desired.

Finally, satisfied with fairy hobgob-
lin stories, we urged Aunt Kate to re-
late her adventure with the escaped
negro convict.

"When I was about eighteen," com-
mented Aunt Kate, with a shudder at
the remembrance of her awful experi-
ence, "on just such a black and
stormy night as now, we were sitting
in this very room. The little one had
gone to bed, mother was knitting in
the big rocking chair and doing, for
it was quite late, and father and I
were playing a long and interesting
game of chess which neither of us
wanted to stop although it was time
we were all asleep.

The day before a negro convict
had been released from the penitentiary
and had come to the town to see his
wife and children, and while then we
didn't know of it, the people around
here were greatly excited, and several
parties were out looking for the fel-
low who was a most daring and de-
spicable character.

We had no handy neighbors then
as we have at present, the nearest
house being a half mile away and be-
lieve our maid servant in her attic
room snoring soundly our family was
alone on the place. We didn't even
have a dog, and our only protection
in case we needed any was that old
army musket that still hangs on the
wall yonder over the door.

"We had lived so long in perfect
safety that no idea of danger had ever
troubled us so, when mother waking
from a comfortable doze said she felt
a bit chilly, I immediately offered to
run upstairs to my room just over-
head and bring down a wrap which I
knew was hanging in my closet.

"I didn't want her to ask the time,
for if she found it was midnight, as it
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and the glory of my besting my father
for once would have been lost.

"So up I jumped and without wait-
ing precious moments in getting a
light I ran upstairs and into my
room which was dark as Egypt.

"The storm outside was a wild one
and the wind was roaring fearfully
through the trees and shaking the
shutters as if it would rattle them off.

"But I had no difficulty in groping
my way to my closet where among my
dresses and things the wrap hung.

"When I opened the closet door I
fancied I heard a movement inside,
but thinking, may be a mouse had

made it I began feeling with my hands
among the hanging garments for the
article I was after.

"Suddenly my fingers touched a
man's bowler-hat. I was startled, and
"Ere I could give a scream for help
two great, rough hands had me by the
throat, dragging me in the closet and
choking my breath away.

"Then my presence of mind and
courage showed themselves.

"In spite of my terror, in spite of
the pains of strangulation I managed
to stamp and pound my feet several
times on the floor.

"Do that again my yer d'blissed
my terrible assailant's headish voice
in my ears while his fierce, strong
fingers tightened themselves about my
poor neck which I scared yet with
the cuts his sharp nails made.

"But with what little strength was
left me I pounded on the floor the sec-
ond time with my heels and—made up
my mind to die. I hardly expected
the signals would be understood and
if they were I feared father alone
would be no match for the villain who
then had me pushed in the far corner
of the closet and was fast strangling
my life away.

"The pain of my being rapidly
choked to insensibility or death was
nothing to the agony of suspense I en-
dured during those terrible moments,
waiting, praying that help would come
in time. Then I remembered nothing
more.

Aunt Kate stopped for a moment to
rest, while, with faces pale and horri-
fied, we gazed at the cruel scene, fan-
tasy showing on her hair, white stock-
ings and shoes.

"I guess mother had better finish
the story, for she saw the ending and
I didn't," said Aunt Kate. "or
perhaps it is too long, but I'll try to
finish it, you may all get too
"lightened to go to bed," she smiled,
seeing our eager but fear-stricken
looks.

"Oh, no indeed," we gasped in chor-
us, "we'll be just as bold as you were."
It isn't late yet. Come, Grandma,
please tell us if dear Aunt Kate was
killed or not. Please please do."

Grandmother, unable to withstand
our volley of appeals, began,
"I suppose I'll have to—but don't
blame me if you have nightmares of
black robbers and murderers."

"After that," Kate had gone up
stairs her father picked up a book to
read, all said returned, and I
I commenced doing again. At any
rate I was startled suddenly by a
pounding sound overhead. Husband
must have heard it too, for he laid
down his book to listen.

"What noise was that?" I asked.
"Seems like someone calling us."

"O, nothing," he answered, "only
the storm for it was blowing great
and loud. He took up his book
and commenced quietly reading again.

"I think you had better run up-
stairs and see," I said.

"O, it isn't worth while," he
laughed. "If Kate wanted as she
would call," and then in his provok-
ingly slow way he added, "Kate will
be down in a minute and I want to
finish our game before I go."

"But I wasn't satisfied; a mother
somewhere has a keen sense when her
children are misled by their father,
and I couldn't help but think of
course, I didn't dream that anything
was wrong. I naturally felt apprehen-
sive.

"At last I spoke up. Well, if you
won't go, I will, and taking a lighted
candle I started.

"Before I got to the foot of the stairs
I heard the second sound—apparently
of someone knocking on the floor or a
door. I couldn't tell which, but it made
me hurry until I entered Kate's room.
Just then a puff of wind blew out my
light and left me in pitch darkness."

"Kate! Kate!" I called, "where are
you? Is anything the matter?"

"Not a reply came back, only the
puff of the lamp and the wind
blowing in an open window broke the
uncanny silence.

"I felt my way back to the top of
the stairs. 'John!' I shouted, 'Come
up, quick and bring a candle. My
candle is blown out. Something is
the matter.'

"The tone of my voice must have
alarmed him, for he came quickly I
heard him mounting the stairs, with a
lighted lantern and, as his musket
which was always kept loaded for an-
imals stealing into the chicken, when both
of us entered the room, calling, 'Kate!'
but, as before, no reply came.

"I looked under the bed, then went
to the closet and took hold of the knob
to open it, for I knew Kate had in-
tended going there.

"Instantly the door burst open—
almost before I touched it, with a
force that threw me against the wall,
while out bounded a gigantic negro
dressed in prison stripes and, with a
yell that still rings in my ears, he
reared like a stag to the open window
and began climbing out.

"But quick as he was I was quicker.
"Before his immense paws could
leave go of the sill inside to let him
drop to the ground, I had the end of
dressed in prison stripes and, with a
yell that still rings in my ears, he
reared like a stag to the open window
and began climbing out.

"Quick, John, shoot!" I gasped,
before my strength gives out."

"My husband fired at once—right
through the glass in the door, and
the convict, who was nearly killed
by the bullet, and my being in the
way, he reared to his hind legs.

"In a minute another flash and gun-
shot, and whistles came from the roof
by the gate, and then a dozen lantern
lights appeared on the lawn below me,
with shouts of 'here he is! here he
is!'

"Grasping the situation instantly, I
let go the sash, hearing more shots,
and the awful life and death struggle
as the escaped convict, dropped
straightaway from the party of pursuers,
who fortunately were at hand in the
nick of time.

"Then we thought of Kate and
rushed to the closet with our lanterns.
"On the floor amid the tumbled
clothing the poor girl lay, and we
thought she was dead.

"Tenderly we carried her out and
placed her on the bed when, thank
heaven, we found that her heart beat,
though very faintly.

"I don't know the searching party
for the doctor, but ere he came I had
brought my darling back to life.

"A reward of \$500—had been offered
for the capture of the convict, and
when his captives, who nearly killed
him before they could bind his arms,
found out about Kate's awful discovery,
they noisily insisted that the money
was rightly hers, and she got it, but
not for millions would we go through
with our terrible experience again."

Chicago Sun.

There is an "orange room" in "The
mines or Alley or Ferry or City" no
permanent occupants. This item is
the report of a commission appointed
by the government, suggesting that
great men would do well to die early and
avoid the rush.

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J. E. R.

1892.
Harper's Bazar.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

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with regard to the Fashions, and the
most interesting and useful articles
of interest to women. The Bazar for
1892 will be written by Walter Henshaw
and William Black. Mrs. Oliphant will
contribute. Marion Harland's "Fairy
Talk" "Play and Play-thing" are in-
cluded for mothers, and Helen Marshall South-
well's "Women and Men" will
be a most valuable contribution.

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of the value of animal lost.

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practically impossible, there-
by preventing the dishonest
minority from levying tri-
bute on the honest majority.

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